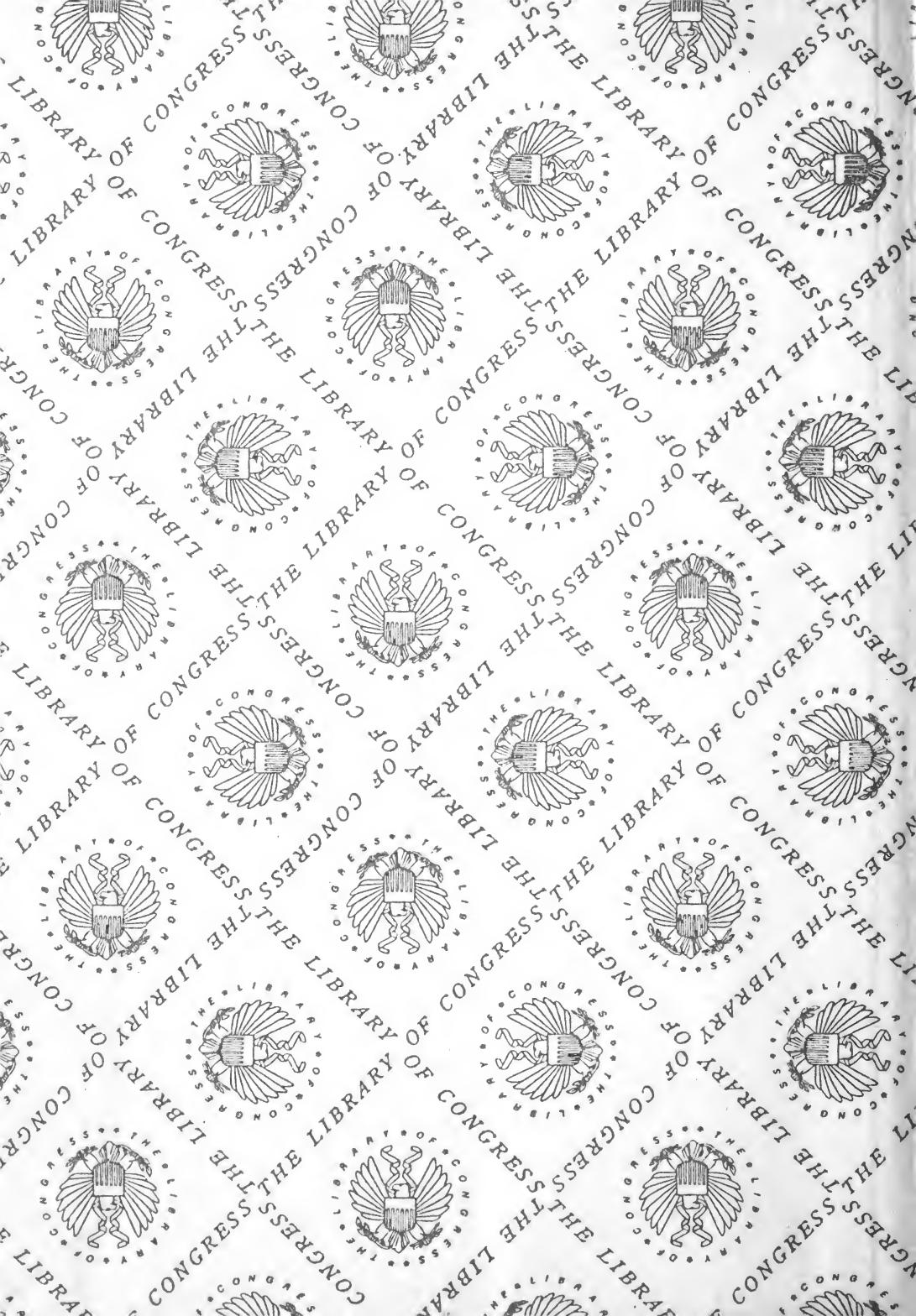
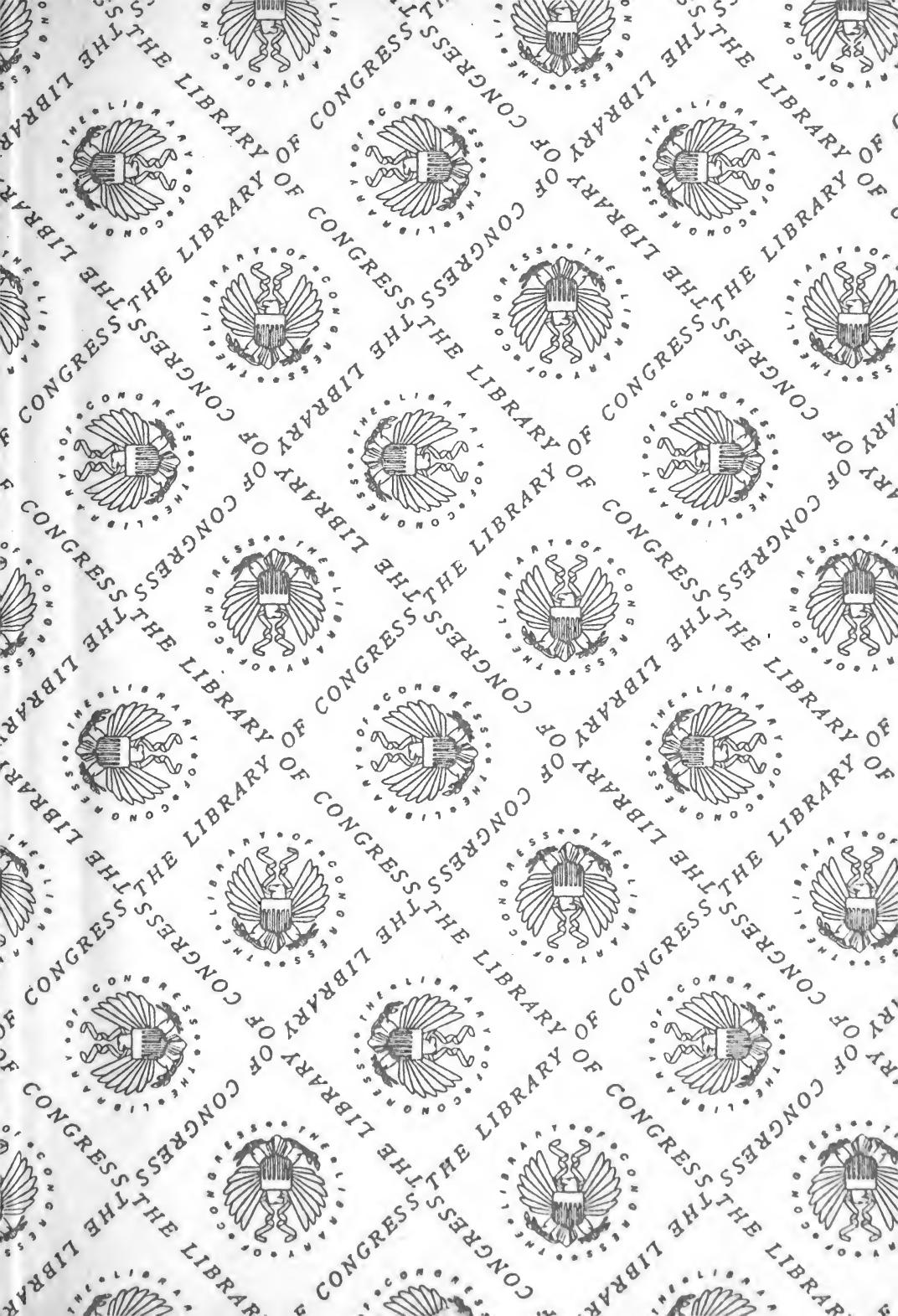


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205



Affectionately your friend  
Henry Sylvester Bedaine

# A Precious Jewel

BY

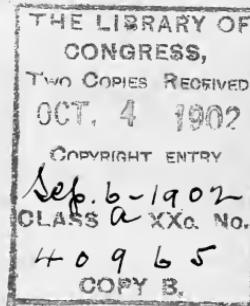
HENRY SYLVESTER BEDAINE  
OF ILLINOIS //

33



COMMEMORATING  
THE EVENTS OF SATURDAY, JULY FIFTH  
ANNO DOMINI NINETEEN TWO  
AND OTHER PLEASANT  
IMPRESSIONS

PS 3503  
E 212 P7  
1902



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BY  
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177 ALICE PRINTING  
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TO THAT  
PRECIOUS JEWEL

*Miss Mary Bedaine*

THIS  
TOKEN OF ESTEEM  
IS LOVINGLY  
DEDICATED



# Preface • Prelude



## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



**T**HIS work has been prepared for the exclusive use of one whose life, overflowing with the sublime graces of ideal loveliness, has suggested its title.

But the radiance of these graces transcends the sparkle of the most PRECIOUS JEWEL; is more tender than the light of evening's silver stars; is sweeter than the fairest flower that sheds its fragrance in valley or on hillside.

Is it strange that the *living JEWEL*, the *pearl*, should be the birthstone of one so PRECIOUS?

May this beautiful life, this PRECIOUS JEWEL, whose passing touch has proved an enduring inspiration, long be preserved, a blessing to every one with whom it comes in contact.

Truly,

"It is these that are worth the praises of earth,  
For we find them but once in a while"

THE AUTHOR.

Springfield, Illinois,

August 5th, 1902.





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



I'VE traveled o'er this mundane sphere,  
    north, south and east and west;  
Among the charming scenes of earth, I've  
    viewed some of the best—  
On inland seas, whose waves of green are  
    capped with grains of gold,  
Or 'neath Niagara's mighty flood—a wonder  
    to behold.

I've been in old Missouri, where you always  
    must "*show me*,"  
And where boys "*carry*" girls to church, in  
    sunny Tennessee;  
But of all trips ever taken—and some were  
    grand ones, too,—  
The best of my experience permit me to  
    review.





# The Traveler's Tale



## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



**T**WAS 'way up in "My Michigan," in  
Clinton county, near  
The rippling brook called Lookingglass because  
it is so clear,  
That a gentle little pony in the shafts once  
looked so neat,  
And, neighing, offered us a ride if we would  
take a seat.

When thus Miss Mary and myself were started  
on our way,  
It gave me pleasure to remark, "'Twill be a  
lovely day."  
As it had rained for weeks and weeks, till the  
beet fields wouldn't drain,  
Miss Mary smiled as she replied, "'Twill—  
if it doesn't rain."





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



We met a good old lover when we'd passed the  
bridge a bit.

He bowed and spoke in charming tones,  
“It's a nice day, isn't it?”

As I had been forewarned I held a quite atten-  
tive ear,

And heard a softer voice reply, (?) “It always  
is, my dear.”

No matter though the skies be black, with  
tempests all about,

And sugar beets their feet get wet, till the  
sugar all soaks out;

Though thunders roll and torrents fall from  
darkening clouds above,

“The world is full of beauty when the heart is  
full of love.”





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



Then, as we passed along the road, we spoke  
of Sunday school,  
And thought it paid good girls and boys to  
mind the Golden Rule.  
We found the next day's lesson based upon  
“The Manna Sent,”  
Then talked about the Epworth League, with  
MARY—PRESIDENT.

We thought the League a worthy move, designed  
to do much good  
By giving useful work to do and richest mental  
food;  
In fact, discussed most everything true, laud-  
able and right,—  
And how high the neighbors' chickens perchance  
might roost that night.

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A decorative horizontal border at the bottom of the page, consisting of a repeating pattern of fleur-de-lis symbols.



## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



Now, Mary was a schoolma'am, and, 'twas said,  
a good one, too,  
So I asked her how she managed the unwieldy  
to subdue.

[The other teachers whip with sticks, and  
frown, and scold, and fret,  
Then fail.] Said she, "*I rule with love; this  
secret don't forget.*"

This love must be an awful thing;—it terrorizes  
boys;  
Makes little girls afraid to talk or cause the  
slightest noise;  
Prompts older folks to quarrel sometimes—  
at least, they tell me so—  
Don't quote me as authority; I do not claim  
to know.





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



We came upon a farmer who was raking up  
his hay.

I asked him how Miss Mary ruled her school  
in such a way.

As his visage filled with sunshine, he exclaimed,  
“I tell ye, sir,—

PRECIOUS JEWEL—*they just couldn't—couldn't  
help a lovin' her!*”

For fully two long seconds then I couldn't speak  
a word,

So Mary introduced a song—a song I'd never  
heard.

The anthem was, “My Michigan,” and, well,  
the least to say,

“Banks of the Wabash” lost its charms with  
“Good Bye, Dolly Gray.”





A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



My cousin's home we reached ere long, Rosalie  
Hodges' place;  
For eighteen circuits 'round the sun, I had not  
seen that face;  
But that glad smile of sweetness was recalled  
from bygone years—  
Years checkered well with good and ill, with  
gladness and with tears.

Oh, when we sever earthly sight, let parting  
give us pain!  
Who knows the times or seasons till our hands  
shall clasp again?  
Will fleeting human nature, dipped in life's  
unceasing stream,  
Sink 'neath the sea of æons ere we catch  
another gleam?





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



In Mr. and Mrs. Hodges' home were two cute  
little boys,

Whose bright and witty sayings added mirth  
to all its joys.

I took the younger on my knees, and asked  
whom he loved best—

Mary or me—and his reply accepted as a  
jest.

In this fair home five hours were spent—no  
better hours could be—

And just as we were taking leave, Miss Mary  
said to me: (?)

“How handy if you Springfield boys could  
harness up a mule!”

When I was pleased to show her I had studied  
in that school.





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



And when we passed the cherry trees, say, did  
we take a one?

We didn't chop with hatchets like young  
Georgie Washington,

Or Carrie Nation, latter-day; but, lest the truth  
be blurred,

Don't ask about the ripened fruit, and we'll  
not say a word.

We made the lilies bow their heads while we  
were passing by;

But the buggy wouldn't tip at all with wheels  
toward the sky.

We plucked the elder blossoms till the shrubs,  
I know, felt vexed;

The wild strawberries wondered, too, what could  
be coming next.





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



We visited a mansion on a hill just to the right;  
But couldn't wait for supper on that lovely summer night,  
Though we liked those dear young people, who insisted that we stay,  
For other cousins we must see, and that all in one day.

When we had driven half a mile, upon this thought we "hit:"  
Perhaps we'd better turn around and go back to DeWitt.  
DeWitt is just a lovely place—tall, waving, shady trees,  
Inviting to the traveler as they catch the evening breeze.





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



While resting on the public square, the people  
all came down

And wondered what great pers'nages were  
visiting their town.

We called upon the hardware store; we saw the  
train rush through,

And Mary greeted "grandpa," 'cause her  
"grandpa" loved her, too.

We turned our faces homeward soon; the town  
was lost from sight;

I knew her mamma wouldn't scold for being  
out that night—

Her escort was so very good (bold vanity  
avows)—

Not that;—*sweet mother's gentle heart no  
unkind word allows.*





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

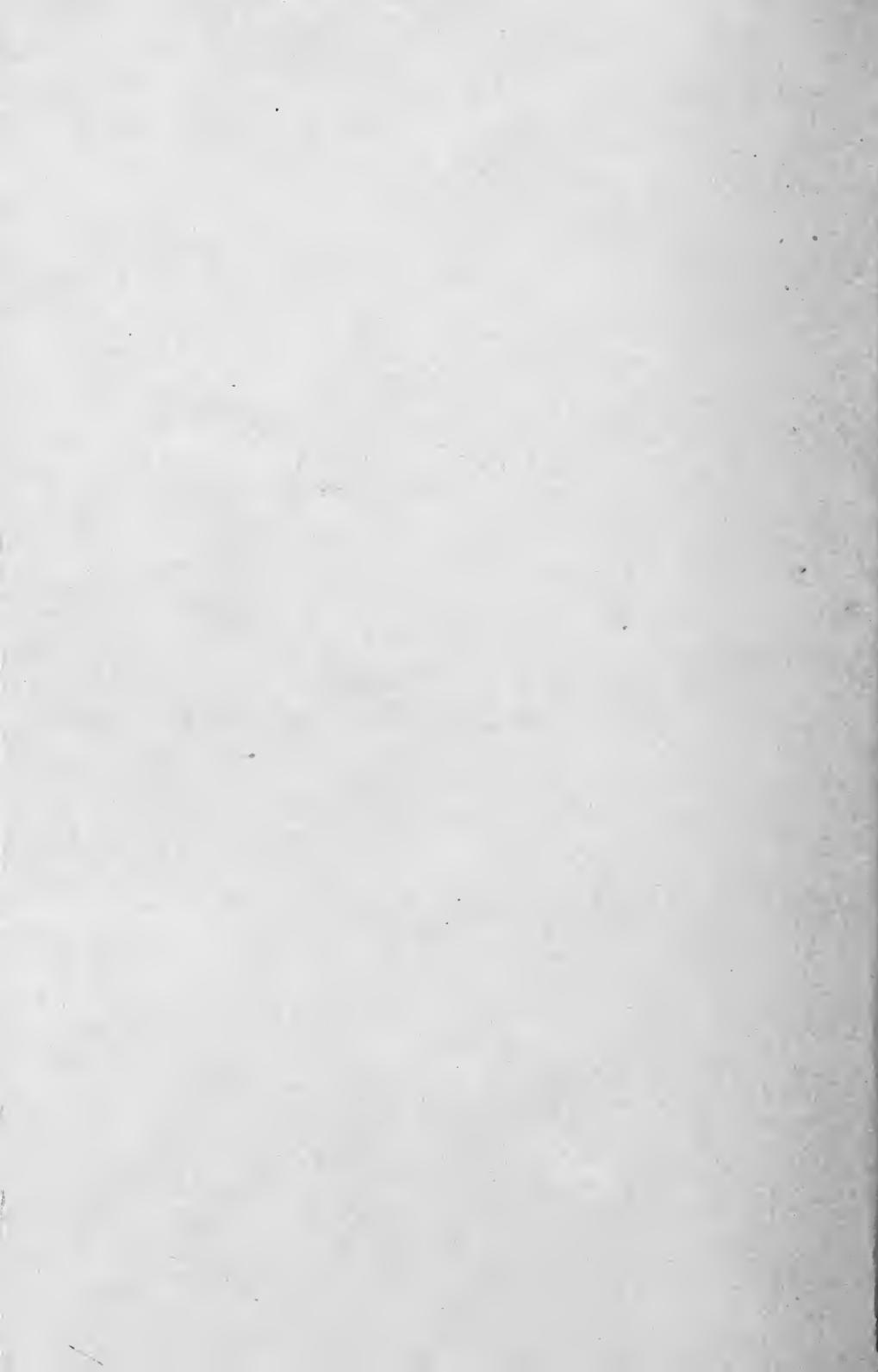
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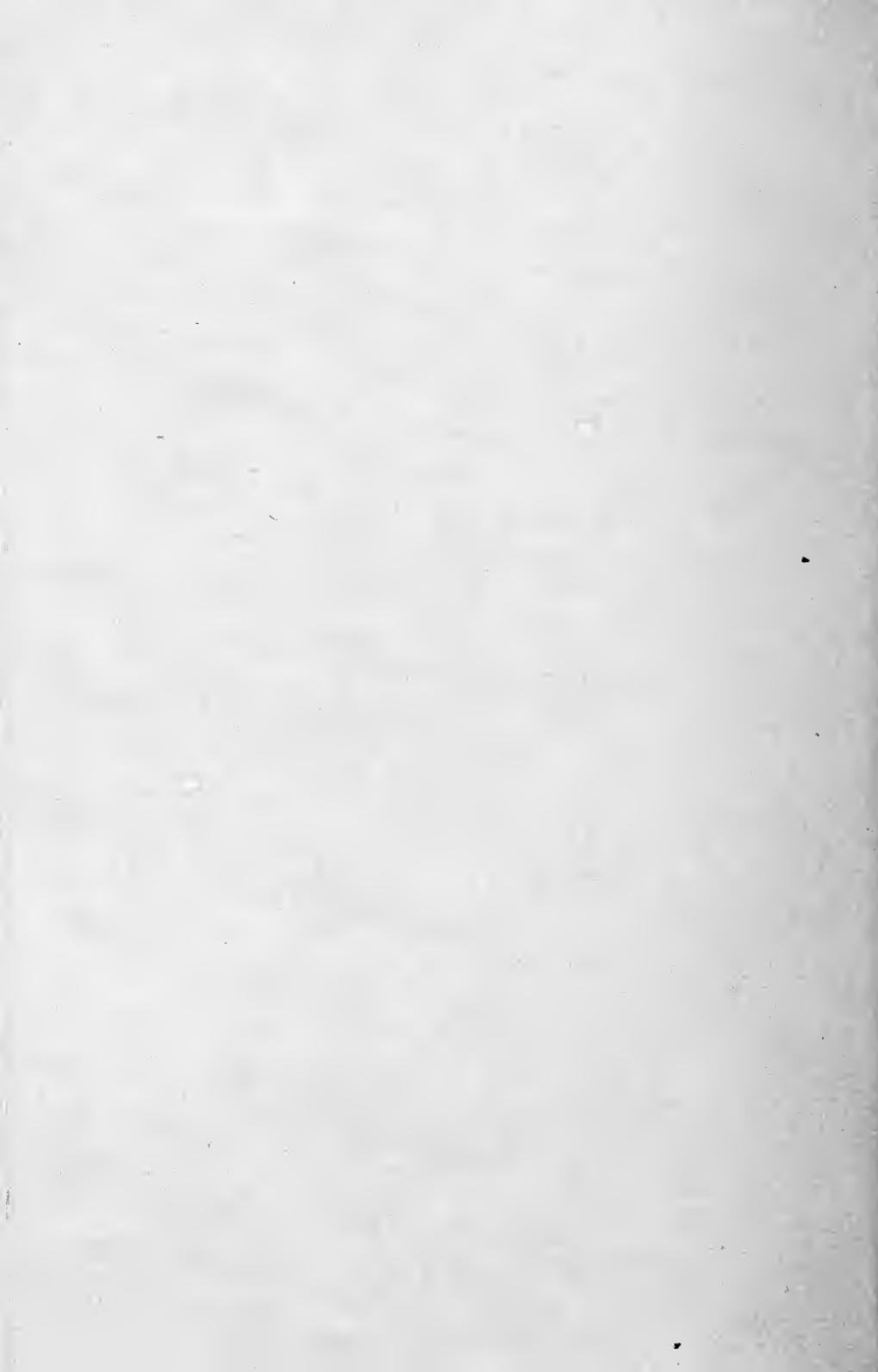
The silver stars with tender eyes peered  
through ethereal blue;  
Earth donned the beauties of the night when  
kissed by twilight dew,  
And all was silence, rest and peace—each  
weary toiler slept,  
Save one who waited for her own, and loving  
vigil kept.

We reached the home—*sweet home*—at last,  
where greetings were so kind  
It seemed like painting roses since the trip we  
have in mind.  
Perhaps the story better close;—if prince or  
king should see  
The things recorded heretofore, he well might  
envy me.





# **Epilogue**



Having the glory  
of God: and  
her light was like  
unto a stone most  
**Precious**

And they shall be  
Mine, \* \* \* \* \*  
in that day when  
I make up my  
**Jewels**



## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



WHEN the Master comes for jewels bright,  
    to claim them for His own,  
If chosen to select the best from the richest  
    I have known,  
I might bring them by the hundred to His feet  
    and lay them down,  
But I'd set this PRECIOUS JEWEL in the center  
    of His crown.

Though angels speak of jasper walls with  
    chalcedony rare;  
With sapphire, topaz, emerald, in rich pro-  
    fusion there;  
The seventh stone a chrysolyte; the eighth  
    foundation, beryl—  
*The City's gates through which we'll pass are  
    made of living PEARL.*





## A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

---



Cast down your gold of transient worth, in  
which your pride may trust;  
Resolve your carbon diamonds to their first  
primeval dust—  
Know thou, mankind, SWEET CHARACTER,  
the *one* unfailing prize;  
*The only gem you'll carry hence* to set in  
yonder skies.

If you wish a glad EXAMPLE of rare sweetness,  
truth and grace,  
Exalted wings of cherubims spread o'er its  
holy place,  
With kindness, love and mercy, pure as dew  
upon the flower,  
This PRECIOUS JEWEL you should see on any  
day or hour.





A P R E C I O U S J E W E L

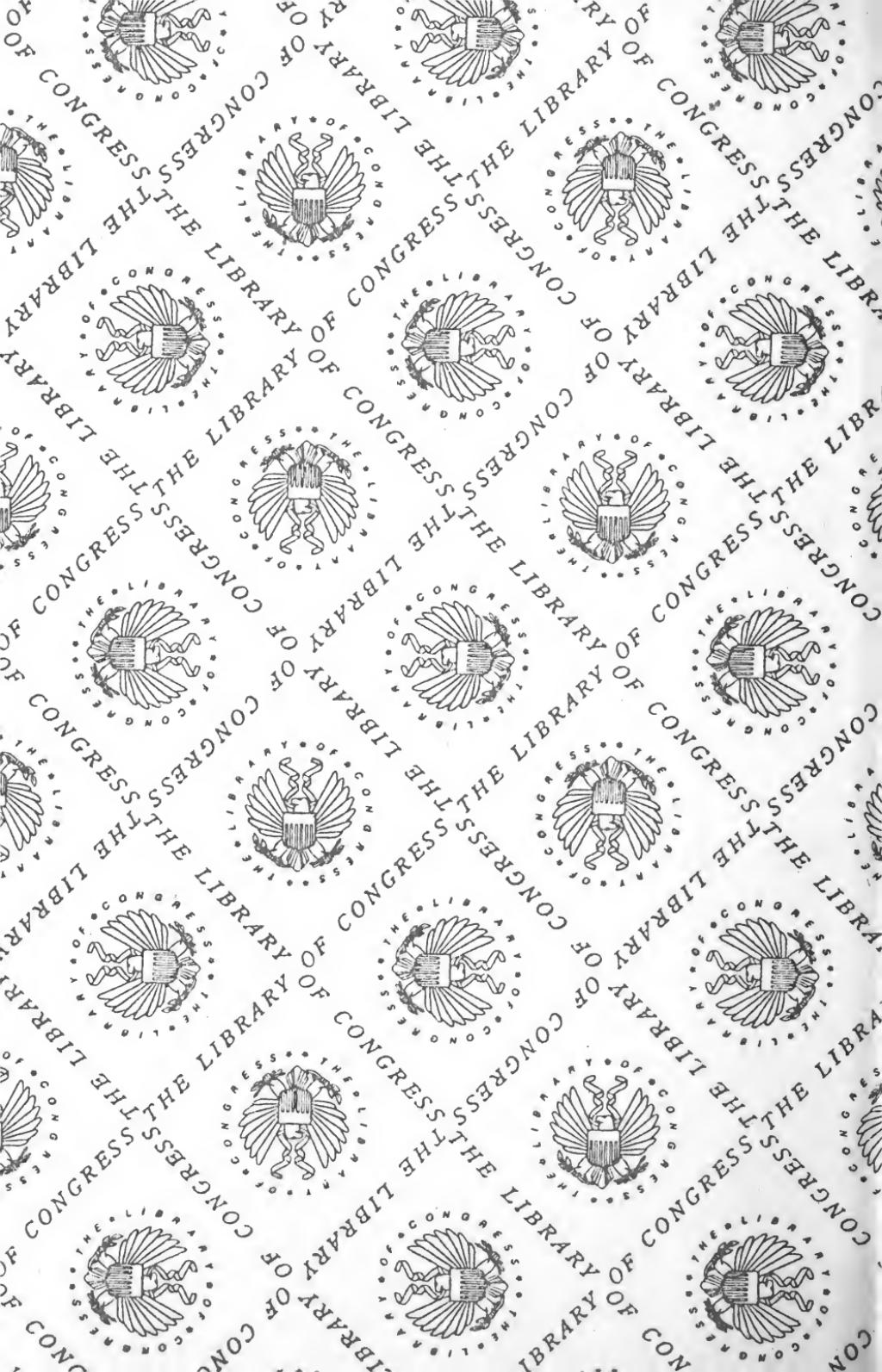


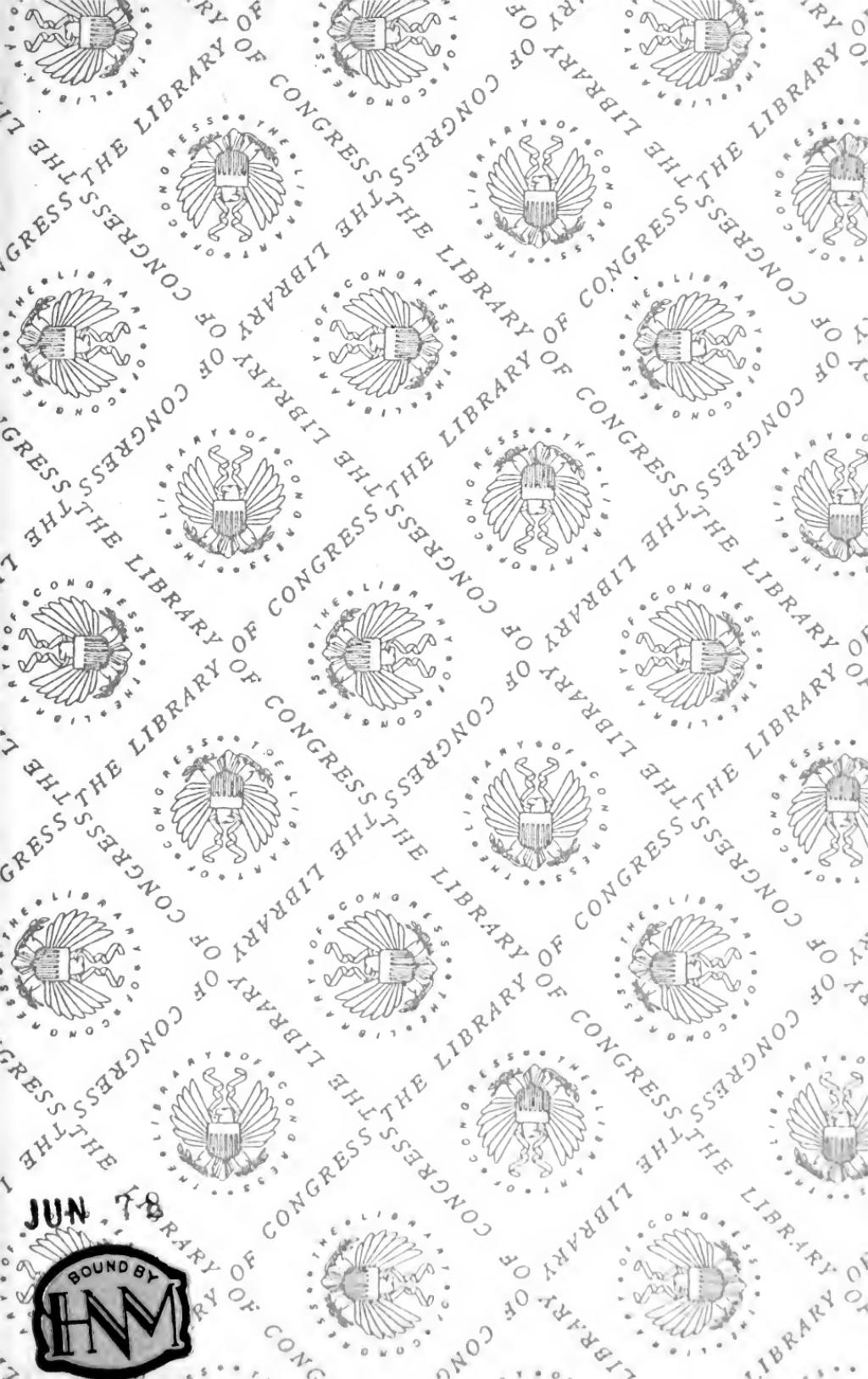












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